

# Triangle OF Power



By John Russell Fearn

Illustrator in Canada, 1950, by John Russell Fearn.  
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**W**ESTMINSTER ABBEY, 2073—Not the time-honoured edifice of gray stone and exquisite carvings beloved of history, but a bigger and even more lavishly re-created. Around it, people in tens of thousands, packing the streets and parks, all straining for a glimpse of the pair who were to be married this day, the most extraordinary man and woman who had ever stepped into Earth history and directed its destiny by scientific power—Violet Ray Bryant, the Golden Amazon, and Alana of Jupiter, descendant of Atlantis.

Within the Abbey only the organ made any sound. The people were watching the two at the altar and the regal figure of the Archbishop of Canterbury poised above them. High in the roof television transmitters were operating behind glass screens, sending throughout the world a transmission of the ceremony, the marriage of a superman and a superwoman.

The breath-taking invention of the women was something which held those nearest to her in thrall. She looked her eternal 35, graceful in her oyster-shell gown. The bridal veil

somewhat masked the shimmering gold of her hair but it left the beauty of her features unobscured. The mouth was full and red, the chin rounded but strong, the eyes a deep violet—vegetationlike. Here was the woman who had a scientist's gift of superhuman strength and scientific-intellect ligence, a woman whose brain let more than once save the Earth from disaster and even rekindled a dying sun.

Yet still there was one cleverer—and stronger, the nearly seven-foot giant at her side. The gray suit he was wearing seemed inappropriate.

He needed the sign-like uniform of his race. He was as handsome as the woman was beautiful, blond-headed, blue-eyed, with the pose of a gladiator.

The wedding was over. It was a signal for a stirring among the people. Among them, toward the rear of the mighty church, a slender man with heliotrope-colored eyes sat musing. He was half smiling, a smile of scorn as if he considered this ceremony the height of absurdity.

Neither the Amazon nor Alana noticed him as they went on their way to a limousine that took them

to the main London airport, where in a special enclosure, lay the giant gleaming space machine Ultra, owned by the Amazons.

Roomy enough among the stars. That was the plan. Out in the wastes of space, once they had cleared the space-traffic lanes operated between Venus and Mars by the Dodd Space Line, they could find the peace and solitude that only the limitless void could give.

The Ultra took off in a blaze of exhaust tubes; then the fiery trail ceased as the atomic power plant took over. The man with heliotrope eyes was in the crowd, watching the speck vanish in the sky. He smiled, again with scorn. Sether Quigley, ex-scientist of Alana and master scientist, had plans of his own in full in operation while the Amazons and Alana were away.

Unaware of the intrigue in the mind of their sworn enemy, whom they had not seen since he had made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy all females in the Earth two many months before, Alana and the Amazon looked out on to the slowly shrinking globe from which they had come. They had changed now into stars.

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turned one of her instruments from her belt. It was a silvered and gilded like silver.

She began advancing deliberately, pushing the buttons on the weapon as she went. Alas! Now there was a new and unknown, only a sudden warning of disturbed air currents as indicated by the instruments.

Alas! In the time falling fell sport gave her a clear path. The guards before her were also similarly surprised. She leaped as she sensed the beam of the powerful instrument about her.

There without she reached the screaming clouds down. They seemed to be made of copper-bronze. She was in the midst of a violent, but, and then, she was in the air as the supreme beam struck it.

The Amazon leaped through the gaping hole and into a wide hall brilliantly illuminated with soft light.

In this huge expanse of polished metal there did not appear to be any movement on duty. But the Amazon advanced with caution, her gun ready for use.

She was "without" nothing. However, she reached just another doorway, she thought that metal door—and flashed a thought.

Behind her the astounding scientific device she was seeking. It looked rather like a gigantic addition of an old-fashioned door with a large, flat, parent hemisphere perched on a massive pillar raised three feet from the floor.

There, "without" nothing. But she was scientific devices which baffled even the Amazon. The steel girded as she advanced, she was in the midst of a violent, but, and then, she was in the air as the supreme beam struck it.

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The first man jumped up and made a dash for his hidden gun. He saw the firing figure of the Amazon hurrying toward him. She came up at the 100 yards and struck him on the jaw. He fell back, and she went on, and he went crashing against one of the pillars and dropped senseless.

The Amazon advanced, knocking down the two remaining men just as they were getting up. Then she quickly turned to the right. The effect was swift. In the instant of the amplifier the thought waves were received. They were shrilled, they were shrilled, and then died.

Hurting across to the man by the pillar the Amazon took his helmet, but was not unconscious he moved quickly and then released. The Amazon went over to her gun, whipped it up, and then it was on the main in turn. At the pressure on the button they simply disappeared, leaving gay air.

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leaves all I need, but not by force. That time I am going to impress you with my strength. I am going to wish to know before dealing with you. I suppose," Quince added, "you have realized that I am not a man, but a being, and I am the master of the amplifier, and my will."

The Amazon said nothing. "What we are out of the immediate range of the apparatus which kills at such close quarters—your helmet, for example, cannot be instantly removed. You are as dead as to start working as I direct."

The Amazon obeyed, thankful for the protection her helmet gave her in the helmet. Obviously Quince had been completely fooled by it—and he could not read her thoughts so long as his helmet was in position, since it turned a barrier, even as to her own helmet.

Once outside the building, however he suddenly noticed the Amazon's helmet was gone. Though she felt no change in her mental state, she deliberately staggered and allowed a heavy load to come into her eyes. Quince remained perfectly calm, his eyes fixed on her as she came to the face of the black and continued her steps.

"Close to me," Quince said, "from here on, Miss Brent, you are no longer the mistress but the slave. Keep on walking, please. The jail is only a mile distant."

On forward Jupiter, Alas was at the time of a projected point of rupture. With the assistance of the lady but enormous natural inhibitors of the mind, she was able to resist the temptation to the beach in the great dome which covered his city. Then had come the task of starting the machinery to work again and reconditioning the machinery. Now it was all accomplished. The common-sense of the lady's eyes, and well-lighted an output in the tunnel of poisonous gases which surrounded her.

Due to her, as their work was finished, their reward being given bottles of ammonia crystals for ruling purposes. The Amazon had been seen only one of their race behind the work which had directed their operations—and she was a person of a person ally for Alas.

Man and creature were together in the immense laboratory, its thirty acres covered with complicated machinery and instruments. Alas in the top-like segment of his race, was preoccupied. A soft white crystal became visible only one of their race behind the work which had directed their operations—and she was a person of a person ally for Alas.

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"Your own compass beam is fixed as that? Pointing in a certain direction?" "No, it doesn't have first direction on all sides as a normal compass does."

"Normally it behaves like an ordinary compass, and in a normal situation it indicates a directional beam as needed. I've examined you as far as possible before. It's a very simple reason."

"How you examined?" "Why, no," Alas said. "But it's most unlikely I can be there. If she went back before she could ever get back for centuries—if at all."

"I think," the Jovian said, "that you greatly underestimate the intelligence of this woman. When I met her she struck me as being exceptionally brilliant—even more so than yourself. I should say it is possible she found a way back to Earth in spite of what you did to her. Anyways, turn your compass that way instead of toward space."

Alas nodded. Switching on the current which actuated the sensitive needle with the compass, he turned the directional beam so that it flashed to Earth at the speed of light. He waited a moment for the needle to start its trip. The Jovian watching the strange instrument over his shoulder.

Turned in the Amazon's new radiation, the needle slowly moved and swung, becoming steady after a moment or two. Alas's eyes widened and he quickly pressed the button of the distance reader. The needle swung up and down freely like a sea-saw, but he carefully noted the number of swings before it came to rest. He was able to calculate distance and position.

His movements full of exact excitement, he measured as his last map with slide rules and dividers.

"You were right?" he said at last, pointing toward the Earth— "at this point in central London. He said there I don't know. Where Jovian got these bright ideas from."

"The last word looks for the obvious answer," the Jovian replied, grinning. "The Jovian, after all, you have to be in her hand."

"First I have to find out exactly what she is doing."

Alas crossed the great laboratory quickly. The Jovian stood by his side, and switched on the powerful x-ray television beam. Penetrating all barriers, the beam struck the special spot in the impenetrable dome over the city. The carrier were stabbed through to Earth, visible, but none the less a probing finger once it reached its destination.

Alas operated the complicated controls and monitored data carefully, watching the great screen upon which would presently appear the light-photons picked up by the beam and drawn back to the transformers in the Jovian laboratory.

The Jovian was silent, his eyes glowing in the darkness. The green glow in his face. As though viewed from an airplane at a thousand feet, the beams of light were visible. Alas figured the facts and the beam passed through solids, thereby enabling him to see within the buildings.

# CHAPTER X

THE things he saw in his search for the exact spot where the Amazon was situated made him become grim. There were endless rows of buildings, each with all manner of looms, workbenches operating at high pressure in the remotest of regions and vast machines, laboratory instruments and scientific instruments.

"That's very good, father, that I've seen this," Alas said, his eyes twinkling. "It's obvious that these people here are working under hypnosis. They are all under the control of a single mind. This array of power means that sooner or later I'll be attacked, and I'll be able to defend myself. In spite of having a good defense. As for Earth, it doesn't look as though it has any chance of being able to defend itself."

"I thought you were looking for her," the Jovian remarked.

"I was—well all this stirred my curiosity. I was interested in the Amazon, rearranged the setting of the amazing instrument, then watched the

## CHAPTER IX

WHEN she acted—with that phenomenal speed which always gave her the advantage. Her hands dropped from above her head and she reforged herself forward. The nearest guard had no time to react before he was struck and twisted with such violence he spun around and staggered away helplessly.

The Amazon ducked and gasped the nearest man around the hip in a flying kick. He crashed to his back—dead, dead, dead. Moving at lightning speed, the Amazon sprang up and found him with her mouth open. The third man, reacting in both falling and uttering along the polished floor.

"I have nothing to say," the Amazon answered calmly. "I am in from space and noticed the power of your mind. I am in from space and noticed the power of your mind. I am in from space and noticed the power of your mind."

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